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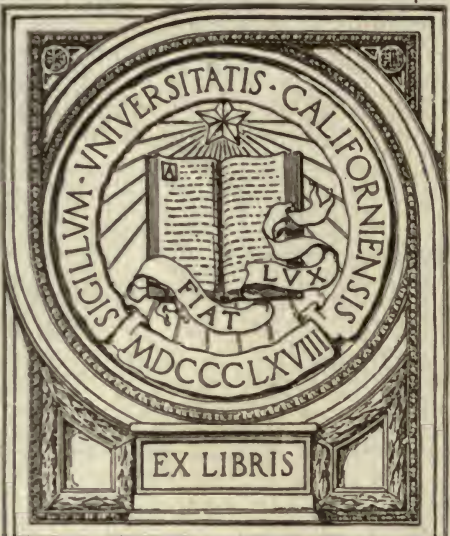
GIFT OF



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GIFT
JAN 22 1914

My Pen
My Fireside
My Quiet Hour

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Dixie Hunter

Oakland, Cal.

Mr. Joseph C. Rowell,
University Library,
Berkeley California.-

Dear Sir.-

It is with very great pleasure I offer you a Copy of my little book — I realize that my first efforts is not a very pretentious one, but I shall feel honored to have it occupy even so obscure a corner in your collection.

Very sincerely yours,
Dixie Hunter La Zansky
[La Zansky]

#635-65th street —
Jan. 20, 1914

DIXIE HUNTER

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Dixie Hunter La Zanska

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DIXIE HUNTER LA ZANSKY
OAKLAND, CAL., U. S. A.

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Between the Lines

If in an idle moment you should look,
  Upon some page of this—my little book;
I'm sure, dear one, your keen thought will divine,
  The "love" that's written plainly 'neath each line.

Each simple verse in color dark or bright
  May tell a little story—as I write,
But 'tween each line in "white" I send to-day,
  My "love"—for white will never fade away.

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My Heroine

I've a favorite heroine, just as you,
Though she's not like your Joan of Arc;
But she's just as noble, as brave and as true,
Tho' she's never made a mark.

I mean, that the world doesn't ring with praise,
Of her deeds, tho' many she's done;
She has never adopted a "fad" or a craze,
Nor social distinction has won.

But she's patched little trousers and darned little clothes,
And been up at her work, with the sun;
And she's kissed all the "hurt" from a scratched little nose,
Never once has her heart-ache, spoiled fun.

And many a time when the "ends" wouldn't meet,
Tho' she suffered, she spread cheer the while;
She's run errands of mercy with sore, tired feet,
And with always that beautiful smile.

She has many deep wrinkles and soft wavy hair,
And her shoulders droop wearily, too;
But to me there is nowhere a face more fair,
There was never a heart more true.

Her name is just—"Mary"—as plain as can be,
History's pages it never will grace;
But I'd give, ah, so much, if once more I could see,
The smile on my "heroine's" face.

Best Gift is Love

Had I the power to give all glorious things,
There's none I'd find half rare enough for thee;
But Love, 'tis said, is grandest gift of all
In all this wondrous world, o'er all the sea,
And even though a man holds riches dear,
Strives hard to gain, possess be his one aim,
Within his heart must be a spot most drear
If he loves none, nor none's whole love can claim.
For Love can make the humblest seat a throne;
Without it, palaces be most dull and dark;
It wends its way to places all unknown,
And sets the world a-going with its spark.
Love makes my heaven when I have thee, my own,
But one moment I may hold thee to my breast;
My hell wakes, when within my dreams, I all alone,
See in thy arms another claim her rest.
Dear heart, how drear, how dark the world to me,
Should I become unloved, forgotten, dead to thee.

A Song in the Rain

Sing on little bird, sing on,
From the branch in that gnarled old tree,
For every sweet note,
From your swelling throat,
Brings a lesson, long needed, to me.

Dear little feathered fellow,
I am most ashamed to say,
I was cross and weary,
The whole world seemed dreary,
'Till I heard your song so gay.

As I gloomily gazed from my window,
At the softly-falling rain,
I glanced at the tree,
And you sang down to me,
And my heart felt a throb of pain.

Ah, why should your song, little robin,
From the gnarled branch, cause me pain?
Is it just because you,
Tho' so small, are true blue,
And have courage to sing in the rain?

While I, like a thankless creature,
When the sun was hidden from view,
Sat down in the gloom,
My whole soul out of tune,
'Till I learned the sweet lesson from you.

So sing, little bird, sing on,
Every note so tender and true,
Only now, little friend,
All my gloom's at an end,
And I'll join in the chorus, with you.

Just Make Me Strong

When sorrows gather round, when hope has fled,
When dull and drear each day—each breath a sigh,
Why is it that when every joy seems dead,
Each murmurs—"Oh, that I had wings to fly?"
To fly away from sorrows and from pains,
To go to lands where only joys are known,
Where birds from morn till night sing sweet refrains,
And Peace smiles ever brightly from his throne.
Yet how much nobler, grander far 'twould be,
Should each stand firm beneath his weight of woe,
And say—"Dear God, I leave it all to thee,
Tho' weak I seem, I do not ask to go.
To fly and leave my sorrow and my pain,
Tho' hope has vanished—troubles ever nigh,
I'll ask, "O God, send strength and I'll remain,
Just make me strong, and I'll not wish to fly."

Each one of us some secret sorrow keeps,
And so when to our tongues some harsh word leaps,
Let us remember that a kind word spoken,
May soothe a tired soul or heart that's broken.

To An Old Oak Tree

A beautiful, fragrant wild sweet-pea,
  Was tossing so graceful and gay
And scenting the air around her
  In a most inviting way.

And near, in the earth beside her,
  A tiny young bit of a tree
Was struggling so hard to grow skyward,
  Its efforts one almost could see.

And I, in a way quite human,
  Sat down near the flower, to rest,
And inhaled the delicate fragrance,
  And its petals I softly caressed.

I cast scarcely a glance at the sapling,
  So patiently looking above,
For the flower so dainty and fragrant,
  Claimed all admiration and love.

Long after that beautiful spring day,
  With a heart-ache and sore lagging feet,
I again took my way to that meadow,
  For relief from the sweltering heat.

On the fence where the wild fragrant flower,
  Had danced and waved in the breeze,
Were matted and twisted some dried up stalks,
  And around lay withered leaves.

But near where the poor little sapling,
Had struggled so bravely to rise,
Stood a hardy oak, with wide spreading limbs,
And it looked so serene and so wise.

As against it I rested in comfort,
So cool in its generous shade,
From its heart, came a message so soothing,
And I thought of mistakes I had made.

Thinking only the daintily-fragrant,
Brightly colored, could beautiful be;
How great and how noble the comforting heart
That lived in that mighty oak tree!

The Storm Within

Sometimes my heart, dear, seems so heavy,
I feel so lone—so drear to-day,
Why don't you come to cheer me, darling?
Come, drive my gloomy thoughts away.

I sit within my lonely chamber,
Outside it rains—the wind a gale
Blows, sometimes shrieking as in anguish,
Then dies away—a mournful wail.

I sit and dream of you, my darling,
Your face in memory's frame I see,
But, ah! Your smiles, dear, are for others,
You have no time to think of me.

And yet, it seems to me unkind, dear,
That God should let me love you so,
When I may never have you, dearest,
For all my own, ah! me, such woe.

'Tis quiet now, the rain is ceasing,
The sun peeps out—the clouds depart,
The storm without is calmed, oh! why, dear,
Must storms still rage within my heart.

My Beautiful Rose

In my garden blooms a beautiful rose,
So fragrant, so fair to see,
I am sure no lovelier flower grows,
And it blossoms alone, for me.

I water it—tend it with loving care,
My love for it no one knows,
Its fragrance with no one else I share,
My beautiful, beautiful rose.

I go in the morn to gaze at my flower,
The dews in its heart repose,
A sunbeam caressingly steals in its bower,
And kisses my glorious rose.

But I know that sometime its petals must fall,
My pretty rose—dead will be,
I will find it gone, I may cry and call,
My rose no more I shall see.

And think you I'll scatter its poor, dead leaves,
To the winds—forget my flower?
Dear, sweet, fragrant rose, who e'er could believe,
I'd forget you in one short hour?

Sweet petals I'll lift them one by one,
Though I know my heart will pain;
Thy beauty dear rose, will be faded and gone,
But thy perfume will still remain.

Just a Thought

A heavy darksome cloud,
The world is grey;
No ray of light, to cheer
The lonely day.

A flood of gold the hills
Doth now enfold;
Earth's beauties now, have grown
A thousand fold.

Stern duties call to us,
To quit the throng
On idle pleasure bent,
To struggle on.

We lend our ear, but go
With halting feet,
The road seems rough; to stay
Awhile were sweet.

As earth gains beauty, both
From sun and rain,
Our lives to grow, must know
Both joy and pain.

If in our toiling we
Must pause awhile,
Let's light some struggler's way,
With sunny smile.

Beautiful Silent Hills

Dear hills you are grandly beautiful,
  Standing outlined 'gainst the blue;
Always there, faithful and dutiful,
  What dwells in the heart of you?

Were the beautiful curves of your bosom,
  Placed there from a deep swelling sigh?
When the clouds hang so low,—are you lonesome,
  Is it pride makes your peaks stand so high?

Just what do you feel, when the trees sway
  And toss, in the wind and the rain?
They look, dear old hills, in a strange way,
  Like great arms flung out wildly in pain.

When the streams start, so madly rushing
  Down your sides, taking rocks as they go,
The waters look dark, like blood gushing
  From a wound, dear old hills, is it so?

And is it a wound—does it hurt you,
  When the rocks are torn out of your breast?
When men dig and pierce your poor heart through,
  Does't grieve you, that they mar your rest?

And dear hills, the beautiful flowers,
  That bloom on your breast in the spring,
All fragrant from sunshine and showers,
  Do they soothe you, and happiness bring?

But yes—for are they not your treasures,
Little children, that grew in your heart?
They must fill with unending pleasures,
The great life, of which they are a part.

I love you, dear hills, and I'm hoping
On your great, tender bosom to lay;
Just where your dear breast's softly sloping;
Will you tell me your secrets some day?

Sunlight and Shadow

Sunlight and shadow, my darling,
  Enfold me in mists every day;
Sunlight when you're with me, my sweetheart,
  Deep shadows when you are away.

I long with a longing that's anguish,
  For a glance of eyes, tender and true;
Ah, come dearest one, and caress me,
  I'm hungry, dear, starving for you!

Come, fold me in arms strong and restful,
  Let my weary head lay on your breast;
Press your lips soft and warm, to my own, dear,
  Ah, beloved, that is sweetest and best.

Hold me fast, when I'm losing my way, dear,
  In the dazzling light that you bring;
With your kiss you have wakened my soul, sweet,
  And have made my sad heart wildly sing.

Come, hurry, beloved, lest the shadows
  That shroud me, when you are not here,
Cast me down to the depths of despair, love,
  Let the sunshine remain ever near.

Sunlight and shadows, my darling,
  Enfold me in mists every day;
Sunlight when you're with me, beloved,
  Deep shadows when you are away.

My Message

'Tis said a love thought travels,
Believe it;
I send one every night, dear,
Receive it.
How do I send it, dear one,
You would know?
Believe me, 'tis great joy to
Bid it go.
'Tis wafted, dear, to you on
Gentle breeze,
Sometimes from flowers, sometimes
From the trees.
If nights are dark, and winter
Winds do blow,
I bid them take my message
As they go.
When seasons change, winter has
Passed away,
When comes the spring, with soft and
Balmy day;
Strolling, at dark, 'mid flowers I
Whisper this—
"Take on your perfumed breath, my
Sweetest kiss."

To My Dearest

No matter, dear, how long the day has been
With all its smiles or tears—its joys or sighs,
If at the twilight hour, one thought serene
Of you, doth flash across my lonely skies.

To feel—to know that you are safe and well,
And have perhaps some kindly thought of me,
Is worth to me—ah more than tongue can tell,
More, more than all things else can ever be.

To know we'er living on the same old earth,
Above us, dear, the same blue sky, same moon,
And every thing, of great or lesser worth,
And sometimes, too, an hour that flies too soon.

And tho' beloved I cannot think to count
So very much to you—in busy hour;
Sometimes I would be a refreshing fount,
Or simply bloom within your heart, a flower.

Not bright, nor beautiful, your heart to sway,
But simply sweet; a violet in the bower,
To lend some touch of sweetness to your day,
To cheer you with my bloom in some lone hour.

I'll bloom and bloom thro' bitterness or strife;
I'll ne'er desert you in a darksome hour;
I'll try to add some sweetness to your life
In just that way—a humble little flower.

And tho' some day you'll pluck me from the spot
So small I've tried with all my soul to fill;
Crush me you may—but kill me quite cannot;
Some subtle scent of love will linger still.

And now we'll close the pages, little book,
Some friend, perhaps will cast a passing look;
If he from any thought should pleasure gain,
My humble thoughts expressed have not been vain.

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